

GOT BACK GEMS FOR "BABY," THEN SENT HER TO JAIL

Handsone Mrs. Chase Denounces Woodman's Charge as "Revenge by an Old Man for His Scorned Love."

"It's an old man's vengeance." Like a tragedy queen Mrs. Helen M. Chase swept into the visitors' room of Ludlow street Jail to-day, and, with indignation in her voice, told a thrilling story of love, persecution, jealousy and revenge which has landed her behind the bars. Mrs. Chase is locked up on an order in a suit by George H. Woodman to recover \$250.

Mrs. Chase is a tall woman of thirty. Her eyes are very blue and her hair is between a Titian and yellow. She is a Southern woman and was formerly the wife of Count George Charter. Her portrait has been painted by famous artists, and one by Theobald Chartran has been exhibited only recently under the title "A Portrait of a Lady."

Only Revenge, She Says.

"It is a case of revenge, revenge for unrequited love that has brought me here," she said.

According to Woodman he agreed to lend Mrs. Chase money on jewelry. He says as soon as he handed the money over to Mrs. Chase she gathered her jewels together, threw them into a trunk and ran on the trunk.

"Such a libelous statement," said Mrs. Chase indignantly. "This is only the beginning of this affair, much as I hate notoriety. There will be a suit brought at once for false imprisonment and then we will see who will suffer."

"George H. Woodman loves me. He has made my life a burden with his importunities. He makes the statement that he is a money lender and advanced me money on jewels and notes. That is false. He is head of a pneumatic tube company in the Townsend Building, and there was never any question of his loaning me money on my jewels at all."

"I met him last December. He is fifty-five years old, gray haired, and like many men of that age is 'silly' when it comes to love. He is tall, commanding of appearance, and a bachelor, so he told me. He began to pay me ardent suit, but I never liked him, he bothered me so."

Borrowed from Bank.

"I had been the mistress of a mansion near Baltimore, Md. I had horses, carriages and twenty servants. I sold my house and horses last fall and put a great deal of my stuff in storage. "Then I came into New York and went to live at No. 125 West One Hundred and Twenty-second street. I needed ready money and pawned my jewelry at the Manhattan Bank of Brooklyn as collateral. My husband and my friends have made presents from time to time, and I had a valuable collection of jewels."

"Yes, I was the wife of Count George Charter. My present husband, from whom I have not been divorced, lives in San Francisco. I was born in Paducah, Ky., and my family is highly connected. I have traveled extensively and am known abroad and in New York. Never before have I been brought into such a humiliating situation."

"And to think it has all grown out of unrequited love! Oh, if you only could understand how I have been pursued by this man."

Offered to Fix Things.

"Mr. Woodman called me up on the phone repeatedly and called at the house until all of my friends complained they never could talk to me in peace. Woodman used to beg to see me alone. One night he was for a few minutes alone with me. He poured out his love to me. I was much annoyed."

"Oh, leave me alone," I said. "I am too troubled to think of love. Pardon me, I want to say to you that I have threatened to sue you for breach of promise. Think of it! Breach of promise in spite of the fact that I told him I could never marry him and that I had a husband in San Francisco."

"When he drove me to sharp words by his importunities, this might he said me went trembled me. I told him money matters, and he told me if I brought over the jewels from the bank he would fix everything up lovely for me."

"I telephoned to Mr. Smith, of the bank, to bring them over and also the George Mills. Mr. Smith could not come, but Mr. Richardson, the assistant cashier, appeared between 3 and 4 o'clock. This was on Tuesday night."

"I had been ill all day and I was dressed in a tea gown. Before I could

CHARTRAN PORTRAIT OF MRS. HELEN H. CHASE.



BRITISH ROUTED BY REBEL ZULUS IN HOT FIGHTING

Field Force Driven Into Greytown by Natives Under Bambaata.

GREYTOWN, Natal, April 5.—The colonial field force which was concentrating at Impanzu, twelve miles northwest of Greytown, for operations against the insurgent Chief Bambaata, the deposed regent of the Greytown district, has been compelled to abandon its laager after heavy fighting and retire to Greytown.

A portion of the force sent to rescue the women and children isolated at Keate's Drift succeeded in so doing, but while returning was attacked by rebellious natives. A running fight was kept up for six miles, the Zulus continuing the pursuit until within a mile of Greytown.

Three of the Colonial police were killed and several wounded. The remainder are safe at Greytown.

The police report that the rebels are in strong numbers and flushed with victory, and the officials fear further excesses. A strong force of artillery, infantry and mounted men is moving out of Greytown to-day to operate against the rebels.

A laager has been formed here and every preparation has been made to defend Greytown in case of attack. An assault on the town, however, is considered unlikely to occur, the Zulus preferring to fight in the rugged country outside.

The British field force, at present only numbering a few hundred men, will be strongly reinforced during the next twenty-four hours.

KOCH'S ARREST MAY LEAD TO A DIVORCE

(Special to The Evening World.)

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., April 5.—Harry Koch, who said he lived at No. 57 North Conestoga street, this city, was arrested to-day by Detectives Green and McDonald. Later he was given a hearing before Magistrate Kochesporger at City Hall. The detectives say that Koch has been living with Alice Hallan, of New York. The arrest is said to be the first move in proceedings for divorce by Koch's wife, to whom he is said to have been secretly married. Mrs. Koch now lives at the Hotel Majestic, New York. The same day they were married Mrs. Koch sailed for Europe with her parents, leaving her husband behind. Mrs. Koch remained abroad one year.

During this time Koch met the Hallan girl. When Mrs. Koch returned from her European tour she swore out a warrant for his arrest. Koch and Miss Hallan were traced to this city by the wife and located at the Conestoga street address. When Koch was arraigned Daniel M. Stewart, who represents Mrs. Koch, told the Magistrate that he was willing to let Koch enter bail in his own recognizance until Monday next when Mrs. Koch would be able to appear against her husband. On promising to appear in court again on Monday Koch was released.

MISS BARRYMORE OPERATED UPON

(Special to The Evening World.)

BOSTON, Mass., April 5.—Miss Ethel Barrymore, whose illness yesterday compelled her to cancel her engagement in "Alice Sit by the Fire," at the Hollis Street Theatre, was operated upon for appendicitis by Dr. W. A. Brooks, Jr., at a hospital in Bay State road.

In every respect the operation bore

out the diagnosis made by Dr. Brooks yesterday, when he ordered the popular young actress to cease her work for the purpose of submitting to an operation for the removal of the appendix. She is now reported as doing as well as can be reasonably expected.

When seen this noon by an Evening World correspondent, Dr. Brooks said that Miss Barrymore had been operated upon this morning and had stood the etherization and surgical work in remarkable good shape, and no further complications had been found. Miss Barrymore recovered from the effects of the ether very rapidly, and at the time Dr. Brooks was speaking with the reporter, was resting very comfortably and contentedly.

With youth and ordinarily good health in her favor, Dr. Brooks said he expected the young actress to make a rapid recovery from the effects of the operation.

ROSA LA HARTE AND PET ON BROADWAY



Miss Rosa La Harte with Rosie the Pig.

GIRL TOOK PET PIG OUT FOR A STROLL

Paraded Broadway with Little Porker on a String, While Crowds Wondered.

REAL HIT ON WHITE WAY

Baby Rosie Wore a Pink Ribbon that Matched Her Snout and Looked Real Cute.

A tall, striking young woman walked down Broadway to-day with a pet pig on a string. The pig skidded. And a mixed crowd of men and women laughed or scolded. The blase Rialto woke up.

It seems that the chief sensationalist at the Hippodrome took a last whiff at his pipe in the wee hours of the cold gray dawn and told himself to be up and doing.

"We've worn out the elephants," he mused. "Still we might send their trunks to the seashore, it being near vacation time. But hold. How about hogging Broadway with our new-born pig? Do it!"

"Give me 411-44 Columbus," he cried into the telephone. "Hullo! Is this Miss Rosa La Harte? By the way, Miss La Harte, did you ever take a pig to market?"

The wire was white with heat in an instant. The idea! Never! But when a woman wills she won't—she does. At least it is so in the show business, where hair-raising stunts sometimes fatten the names of three-sheet posters Dubious at First.

There is a rosy-checked, real, genuine, made-in-Poughkeepsie Vassar girl in the chorus, and when she was asked to serve as nurse to the little porker, she fumed at first. But she has aspirations, too. She would do anything for her art.

At 11 o'clock the prima donna, chorus girl and piggie left the Hippodrome. Rosie, the pig, dressed up in her Sunday best. She had golden toe nails and a pink ribbon at her throat to match her snout. Otherwise she was as black as jet.

Rosa is no common porker. She is a daughter of Alice and granddaughter of the late lamented Fanny. She was sent to Porktown Chicago and died. Rosie is just three weeks old and still accustomed to the bottle.

Miss La Harte, Miss Dix and the piggie took the side streets to Broadway and Thirty-eighth street and then plunged into the Great White Way. They made a hit instantly. In a minute the sidewalks about them were clogged with a human jam.

"Hain't she got her nerve?" the men commented.

"She ought to be arrested," said the women.

Miss Piggie talked every hundred feet. The prima donna pulled on the leader in vain. Then Miss Dix would get busy. The crowd howled at the way little Rosie went at the bottle.

Crowd Blocked Street.

At a big store entrance a doorman blocked the way. "Halt! What do you little pigs to market here," he said. Miss La Harte turned her pet over to the nurse and set into the store.

The crowd increased. The overflow took to the street and cars and street cars came to a standstill. The doorman Dan Ryan and protested. "It was a shame, sir," he said.

"He's just a pig pet," said Rinn. "They say he's fortunate."

After the mob had blocked the store entrance for ten minutes the police got busy and Miss La Harte, Miss Dix and the piggie hurried into a cab and drove to the Waldorf. They got only to the entrance. Then they lost their nerve.

The parade wound up at a breakfast in a Sixth avenue restaurant. Miss La Harte was exhausted. The press agent gave her a stimulant and the water came.

"Now what will you have to eat, Miss La Harte?" the publicity man asked.

"We have some delicious roast pig," suggested the waiter.

Certain.

DAVID HARUM'S HAUNTS

Where the Winters Are Cold and the Snows Deep.

Writing from the vicinity David Harum made famous, a man says that he was an habitual coffee drinker, and although he knew it was doing him harm, was too obstinate to give it up, till all at once he went to pieces with nervousness and insomnia, loss of appetite, weakness, and a generally ungodly feeling, which practically unfitted him for his arduous occupation, and kept him on a couch at home when his duty did not call him out.

"While in this condition Grape-Nuts food was suggested to me, and abandoning coffee, I began to use it. Although it was in the middle of winter and the thermometer was often below zero, my entire living for about six weeks of severe exposure was Grape-Nuts with a little bread and butter and a cup of hot water, till I was wise enough to make Postum Food Coffee my table beverage."

"After the first two weeks I began to feel better, and during the whole winter I never lost a trip on my mail route, frequently being on the road 7 or 8 hours at a time. The constant marvel to me was how a person could do the amount of work and endure the fatigue and hardship as I did, on so small an amount of food. But I found my new notions so perfectly satisfactory that I have continued them—using both Postum and Grape-Nuts at every meal, and often they comprise my entire meal. All my nervousness, irritability and insomnia have disappeared and healthy, natural sleep has come back to me."

"But what has been perhaps the greatest surprise to me is the fact that with the benefit to my general health has come a remarkable improvement in my eye-sight."

"If a good appetite, good digestion, good eyesight, strong nerves and an active brain are to be desired, I can say from my own experience that Grape-Nuts and Postum will supply them." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason. Read the little book, "The Road to Well-being," in bookcase.

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